



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

it is much to the credit of their respective governments that such representatives have been sent here. It is worthy of remark, that all the Republics choose for their ambassadors to foreign countries, men who have distinguished themselves in literature, whilst the old States send persons who are indebted for the distinction either to court intrigue or high birth.

The theatres are rather dull—at Drury-lane Kean's illness has thrown things into the shade; and at Covent Garden, Miss Paton, or rather Lady Wm. Lennox, does not draw such good houses as were expected. She has £20 per night for her performance. It is the intention of Lord Wm. Lennox to take his wife from the stage, when she shall have acquired, in funded or other property, such a sum, as when added to his own property, will yield £1500 per annum. The French theatre is by no means well attended, and the Opera people have made a bad beginning.—The prospect, too, is bad, for in consequence of the reduction of rents, it is supposed that the number of fashionable people now in town is not equal, by one half, to what it was at this season last year, and hundreds of families who usually come to town in February or March, intend to remain in the country.

The Literary Union Club goes on very well. It is proposed to raise the admission fee to ten guineas.

The weather is now delightfully mild—we have all suffered dreadfully from cold, and the distress among the poor has been horrible.—It is stated, by the astronomer royal, that the thermometer at Greenwich, marked, on one day last week, (I forget which,) a greater degree of cold than had been known for ninety years.

The London Express, a new English paper, published in Paris, contains an account of a person, in the department of the Lower Seine, who slept from the 15th to the 31st of Dec. last, and he is said to have had frequent sleeping fits of equal duration.

### THE DRAMA.

On Saturday evening Lord Glengall's new Comedy, entitled "Follies of Fashion," was produced for the first time at our Theatre. We feel it unnecessary to enter into a detail of the plot, or advert to the particular merit of this piece, as both have already been amply discussed in the daily journals. Lord Glengall is already known to the public as a dramatic author, from his amusing Farce of the *Irish Tutor*—a production, we think, much more likely to hold a permanent place on the stage, than the present Play, which is certainly deficient in originality, and connected plot, though the various incidents are evidently adapted with much skill, to produce stage effect. Few of the ideas bear the stamp of novelty, but we must admit his Lordship has evinced much tact in displaying the fashionable follies of the present day.

In the Afterpiece, (*Der Freischütz*), Mr. Horn appeared as Caspar: It would be unfair to offer any observations on his performance, as he evidently laboured under the effects of indisposition. We cannot, however, forbear to animadvert upon the very defective manner in which this noble effusion of Weber's genius was got up—the Opera itself appeared to have suffered much mutilation, and, with the exception of the Trio in the second Act, and the "Hours of Rapture," by Miss Byfield, we saw every

thing to censure in the musical department.—The choruses were miserably ineffective, and some of the female voices quite discordant.—We never heard the overture so badly performed, for the basses were weak, and the brass instruments out of tune.

Miss Smithson, with whose Jane Shore the French were so enraptured, is announced for Monday night.

A Bagatelle, translated from the French, called *A Husband's Mistake*, has been produced at Covent Garden, in which Keely and Miss Ellen Tree sustain the principal parts. A Farce too, called *The Phrenologists*, has appeared, which has drawn forth the ire of some of the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim, through the columns of the *Times*. It holds up those demonstrators on the capita of the public, to most amusing ridicule.

Young, Kean, and Miss Philips, at Drury-lane, are dividing the attention of the English metropolis with Miss Kemble at Covent Garden.

### MUSIC.

The Messrs. Hermann have returned to this city, and announced a Concert for the 12th instant—that for the benefit of Mrs. Blakeny, on Friday evening, we were glad to see well attended. Some of the vocal performers from the Theatre Royal lent their aid on the occasion.

It appears that Rossini's new Opera of *William Tell*, is to be produced at the opening of the King's Theatre; the fame of the great *Maestro* for originality, has been placed somewhat in jeopardy by a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Revue Musicale*, at Paris, by Monsieur Voizel, who accuses Rossini of adopting as his own, and introducing into the Opera in question, without acknowledgement, a Swiss Air, composed by a friend of Monsieur V. who resides at *Rouen*.

A new Opera, founded on Sir Walter Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, the music by Caraffa, has been brought out at the Théâtre Italien, and, though aided by the talents of Sontag, Zuchelli, and Donzelli, it has been but partially successful. The manager of the Bologna Theatre has been reaping a golden harvest by the performance of Pasta.—Rossini attended the rehearsals of several of his own operas in which she appeared.

### POETRY.

#### MEMORY.—A FRAGMENT.

I.  
While others sweetly sing  
Of lights from memory cast,  
Which heavenly radiance fling  
O'er the pleasures they have past,  
Be mine to tell the sadness she brings,  
When her weary flight she steers,  
O'er the waste of cheerless years,  
And deep in bitter tears—dips her wings.

II.  
Age, in her peaceful vale,  
Where tranquil joy still dwells,  
May smile to hear the tale  
That memory sweetly tells,  
Of pleasures, which, in youth we have known:  
But joyless is the lore  
That memory hath in store,  
Of pleasures, which no more—are our own.

III.  
For, memory grief renews,  
When I think of joys gone o'er,  
As the shipwreck'd sailor views,  
From the tempest-beaten shore  
The bark that bounded, once, o'er the wave:  
Or the mother, whose chill tear  
Trickles down, if she hear  
The name of baby dear—in the grave.

L.

### TO ELODIE.

A GEM.

I.  
Nay weep not! mid those orbs of light,  
There surely is some world more bright—  
A world of bliss  
To which our souls shall wing their flight,  
When done with this.

II.  
And there, beneath its azure sky—  
The pain, the grief of days gone by,  
Will only seem,  
To memory's retrospective eye—  
Like a sad dream.

III.  
And thoughts and words to memory dear,  
Which chilled by woe and sorrow here—  
Have perished,  
Shall surely be revived there,  
And cherished.

IV.  
And hope which cheered us on our way,  
A transient flash—a meteor ray,  
Yet fondly prized,  
Will in those glorious realms of day,  
Be realized.

V.  
Oh! when our spirits burst the chain,  
Which binds us to this world of pain—  
And from it sever,  
How sweet in bliss to meet again,  
And live—for ever!

To the Editor of the *Dublin Literary Gazette*.

I enclose the copy of an ancient ballad, from a source hitherto untouched. It was found among the papers of an eminent literary character, lately deceased; and I have no doubt of its antiquity, though I cannot determine its age. Your approval of its insertion will gratify your faithful reader and admirer,  
H.

#### THAE STORIE OF SEYNCTE DAVODD.

Whatte tym al merie Engelande,  
Net merie thanne alace,  
Thae Pictis rewers overspasde,  
Thilke storie came toe pas.

Thaire lyved yn Menevia,\*  
Ane verte hallie wighte;  
Sike everich one dyd prayse him hie—  
Seyncte Davodd was he highte.

Thae odeur of hys seynctitie  
Spradde al thae countrie throu;  
Bothe farre an wyde, ontyl it came  
Thae heythen leyder toe.

Nowe whanne thas Pictis monarche herde  
Al peple prayse thys manne,  
Sathan's envie yer hys herte,  
E'en hym toe rayse beganne.

Thanne hee yn yre sed toe hymselfe,  
Thys Seyncte thae theire prayse noe  
Than noe, who al thaire armyes colde  
Soe ethie † overthrowe.

Straite thanne he swar ane michtie othe,  
Ane michtie othe swar hee,  
Thatte hee wolde of thys godelie manne  
Revengit routehes ‡ bee.

Twale wantoune wemyng frae hys host,  
Maiste hedeuffie cheis hee,  
An sed toe them, "wythe mickel gould  
"Yee shal rewarded bee;  
"Gif faythfulie whatte I desyre  
"Yee wil performe for mee.

"Theie saie thatte yn Menevia  
"Ane godelie Seyncte dos dwel;  
"Eke of hys wonder † myracles  
"Thynges selcouthe ‡ doe theie tel.

"Goe temptit wythe wantoune werds an wyles  
"Thilke hallie manne toe syn:"—  
Soe dyd hee spak—for Sathan was  
Hys wyckede herte wythin.

Nowe marke howe Gode hys provydens  
Thilke Seyncte hys rescue wroughte;  
An howe thae wycked heythen, hee  
Yn hys owen snair was caughte.

Theie went, an maist allurynge artes  
Toe temptit hym wythe, theire tryed;  
Bot al thaire conynge artes an wyles  
Hys seynctitie deyded.

Nowe, whanne thaire wantoune werds an wyles  
Theie founde them al yn vayne;  
Toe yeve † themselves noe lyberte,  
Straite madenese theie dyd faygne.

Thanne fyrst Seyncte Davodd raysed hys voyce,  
Fyrst turned his eye on them;  
An theie, dismayed, hunge downe thaire hedes,  
Adrede toe loke at hym.

\* St. Asaph. † Easy. ‡ Terribly. † Wondrous.  
‡ Strange. † Give.

